The Wellesley Magazine.

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WELLESLEY WATCHWORDS.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

STILL with the return of October, there comes to Wellesley a renewed sense of bereavement. As we rejoice from day to day in the deep, rich flushing of our oaks, in the fresh wind that crisps the blue surface of Waban and blows music and fragrance from the Simpson pines, in all the vivifying influences of the clear, bright weather, we miss more keenly than ever the father of our college, to whose beauty-loving soul the poem of the changing seasons never lost its charm. October was his birth-month into new life, — intenser, gladder, richer life, as we would believe,—but it is to us the anniversary of loss.

Yet what is retained is far more than what is lost. The Wellesley lawns miss Mr. Durant's swift steps across them, as he hurried from greenhouse to hospital with a gift of roses for some ailing girl; our halls are dull for the lack of his eager presence, stimulating every student whom he met: class-room, laboratory, library, chapel miss him, who infused something of

his own brilliant energy into the work of each and all; but his ideals, the aims for which he so lavishly spent fortune, strength and life itself, are still and always with us.

The three watchwords which ring down the Wellesley years from the founder of Wellesley are truth, life, Christ. Mr. Durant loved truth, and this is a rarer love in humanity than we may on first thought realize. To drive the question home, how many students enter college purely for the love of truth? Some enter for the love of life, that an enlargement of the capacities of the nature may come with wider knowledge. Some enter for the love of practical success, that ability may grow and power ripen and a career be made possible. Many enter without choice and without thought, impelled by the wills of others or by the trend of circumstances. And a few come up to the college gates with thrilled and reverent hearts, holding their breath for wonder and delight that it is to be granted them to *know*, to press, in nature, in history, in any chosen realm of mind or matter, even a little nearer to the divine secret; to begin to see, darkly yet, but with vision bound to brighten, as the wise and the true see, as God sees, fact behind phenomena, reality beneath appearances. To those who love the truth and to those only may the truth be given. For, to quote the sage old saying of Sir Philip Sidney: "He that finds truth, without loving her, is like a bat, which, though it hath eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes that it cannot delight in the sun." Not to the bat but to the children of the light may the sun reveal the glory of his shining.

This love of truth Mr. Durant possessed. "The great white truth" was one of his frequent phrases. He had been, in his own college days, no formal classman, but a hungry and passionate student, and when, here and there, now and then, he found among the Wellesley girls a genuine truth-lover, he could not do enough to further her opportunity. His sympathy was bracing, demanding more of her than she had believed possible to herself, and his disappointment as outspoken as his approval. He cared earnestly for thoroughness and sincerity in the intellectual work of the college. All shamming, all shirking, all concern for show and effect, all conceit and easy self-satisfaction he cordially detested. The girl in whom his heart exulted was the girl who loved mathematics. He was enthusiastic for the opening out to the Wellesley students of the richest fields of study. The

first few timid recruits for the Greek department were beaten up by his eloquence. The writer remembers vividly how, one September morning of '76, Mr. Durant addressed the college after chapel on the supremacy of Greek literature, urging in conclusion all who would venture upon Hadley's Grammar as the first thorny stretch toward that celestial mountain-peak, to rise. My next neighbor, a valorous little mortal, now a member of the Smith faculty, was the first upon her feet, pulling me after her by a tug at my sleeve coupled with a moral tug more efficacious still. Perhaps a dozen of us Freshmen, all told, filed into Professor Horton's recitation-room that morning, — happy Freshmen that we were in so doing. Room C is sacred to us evermore.

With no less ardor than that displayed in the cause of the classics did Mr. Durant champion science, "the glorious new learning," as he loved to call it. His prompt and vigorous method of introducing a fresh subject to college notice was the making it a required study for the senior class of the year. '79, gallant little band of pioneers, grappled with biology, and Charles shuddered and muttered ghastly passages from Shakespeare over the pails of laboratory refuse that he had to bear away. '80, in her turn, was fed perforce with a senior diet of geology and astronomy.

In the last year or two of his life, Mr. Durant was arranging for the upbuilding, on a grand scale, of work in the English language and literature, with foundations deep-laid in the Teutonic. He began in his impatience to stock the library shelves with Icelandic books. He gathered a company of young teachers into an Anglo-Saxon class. Here, as everywhere, he projected greater plans than the college, without his inspiration and substantial aid, has as yet been able to realize.

No words can overstate the value to Wellesley of that teeming brain which mapped out her first pathways. A dreamer of splendid dreams is needed in the van of every movement. And the intellectual leadership of Mr. Durant was so generous in sympathy, so daring in aspiration, so sound in scholarly principle, so restless and progressive, that Wellesley need not be overmuch troubled if, now and again, "the unimaginable touch of time" shall commend to her later judgment what Mr. Durant in his life-days disapproved. In the decade that has elapsed since that ringing voice was silenced, he would himself, this man of incessant activity and advance, have

outjourneyed many of his earlier positions. The class-poet of '79 has given this thought a memorable utterance.

> "What loyalty would he have held most dear?
> Should we in timorous allegiance cower?
> Or from brave Progress claim her ample dower;—
> Less heedful of the wish he uttered here
> Than of his larger, purer wish,—made clear
> In God's good time, as Heaven, with quiet power
> And safe transforming, shapes it hour by hour,
> And we in patience learn it year by year?
> We wrong the blessèd dead if we suppose
> Heaven widens not his thought beyond the rim
> Of mortal insight or of earthbound whim;
> His will in God's the future must disclose.
> Outward and onward still the current flows:
> Forward, not backward, must we look to him."

But though the truth was precious to the founder of Wellesley, though the intellectual avenues of approach were diligently sought out by him, he knew well that truth is too ethereal a thing to be grasped by the brain alone. Only in proportion as the life is lived in truth and for truth will truth be apprehended. Mr. Durant cherished a lofty conception of woman's life,—the ideal life of womanhood. He would cut away at the root that world-old, pernicious distinction between the training of boys and girls,—that boys should be trained to be, and girls to seem,—boys to do right and girls to make themselves agreeable. Earnestly he impressed upon the Wellesley students the folly and falsehood of seeking beauty of face or grace of form apart from the healthful and natural physical development and the kindred cultivation of mind and heart.

"Remember while you live," he was wont to say, "that the most beautiful woman is the one through whose face shines the pure, noble soul, the educated intellect, the brave, true, unselfish, unsullied radiance of lofty purpose."

And again: "All beauty is the flower of use." Possessed as his own ardent spirit was by an intense realization of the significance and opportunity of life, Mr. Durant could not endure the thought that a woman should give her golden years to trifles and frivolities, to idleness and invalidism and ennui, when she might be living that wholesome, vigorous, purposeful life,

unselfish as the sunshine and as rich in fruitful influence,—that life of helpful womanhood which in his own home he had seen so eminently exemplified.

Yet he stood for symmetric development of a woman's nature. His ideal Wellesley girl, with the passion for study and the serious resolve at heart, would be none the less but all the more blithe and buoyant, keenly appreciative of fun and frolic and of all the graceful variations that no college student knows better than she how to play upon the tune of work. Do they mar or mend the melody? That is a subject of old debate on Waban shores — too knotty a problem for discussion here and now. At all events, Mr. Durant used to ruffle the academic routine by many a stirring episode, and the girls, at least, did not dream of remonstrating. Some of these episodes are to us still among the sunniest spots in college memory.

Take, for example, the dedication of the Longfellow Fountain. Mr. Durant had a glowing love for poetry. How impetuously he would tear, down armfuls of bound Blackwoods and Fortnightly Reviews to find for his girl-companions some song or ballad that had pleased him long ago! A lyric in Coleridge's *Zapolya*,

"A sunny shaft did I behold,"

and another in the *Remorse*,

"Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,"

were prime favorites of his.

"Now listen to this stanza!" he would exclaim, glancing up vividly from the reading of the latter. "Just listen to this:

'Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea;
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!'

Do you heed that word moonlight? Why not moonlit? Because we want a long, slow, lingering word for the rays that lie on the quiet water through the long, slow, lingering night. Sunshine is bright and restless, belonging to the busy day. So the poets make a short epithet for that, sunlit, but what kind of a poet would he be who should write *moonlit!* I wouldn't have his works in the Wellesley library. And mark the melody of that refrain —*Miserere Domine*. I suppose you Massachusetts girls thought Longfellow

invented that for *The Norman Baron!* But there were poets in the world before Longfellow."

None the less, this same Longfellow was one of the guests whom Mr. Durant most delighted to welcome to Wellesley. I am afraid the white-haired poet found our greetings a trifle too exuberant. He was regaled on cakes and cream in the dining-room, on posies and poesies in the chapel, rowed across Waban in the historic Argo, under captainship of a dark-eyed teacher who, he courteously declared, was the most complete realization he had ever seen of his Evangeline, and finally was led, leaning on Mr. Durant's arm, up the steepest part of the hill, under a triumphal arch of crossed oars held aloft by the crews, whose beaming faces, proud in the honors they conferred, may have rendered the climb a little less toilsome to him by whom these honors were suffered. But Wellesley could not rest content with such limited homage. The poet's birthday was at hand, and Mr. Durant was as eager as any sophomore to get up a celebration. Calling a knot of girls about him, he planned with the most contagious ardor a complimentary pageant. There should be an open pavilion built upon the grassy bank of our little frog-pond. Mr. Fields, the genial publisher and author, a familiar figure at Wellesley in the early years, should sit in state, with President Howard, beneath the canopy, the poet being enthroned between them. The three hundred students, all in white, should march down the college hill,—no effeminate Stone Hall steps in those days—singing most melodiously to original music a succession of original songs, and after a variety of circlings and interweavings and other enchanting manœuvres, should range themselves in statuesque repose about the pond. Mr. Fields, who entered into the plan with boyish glee, was then to arise and make an appropriate address, on birthdays, fountains, poets and the like, suddenly pausing with the query: "But what shall this fountain be called?" Then from a recess of evergreen boughs on the other side of the pond, who should spring forth but Minnehaha! This Indian maiden was to be clothed in gay attire, most laboriously compounded of red and black feathers sewed on a firmer foundation. Mr. Durant himself brought us out from Boston a fat bagful of the requisite plumage. Thus gorgeously arrayed, Minnehaha, who has since been civilized into a Wellesley trustee, was to suggest, in flowing measures, that the nameless be called Longfellow's Fountain, for the excellent reason that

"He hath sung my people's history,
Sung the beauty and the mystery
Of our golden days of yore."

But Mr. Fields, unconvinced, should repeat his query, Evangeline then arising with a poetic iteration of her dark-browed sister's suggestion. The orator should again peal forth the question, and Priscilla, in bewitching Puritan garb, yield him a third poetic response. The pen flags a little here in the remembrance of those clear, girlish voices of Priscilla and Evangeline, passed now, with the deeper tones of Mr. Fields, Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Durant, into the silence whence no responses come.

At the fourth and last repetition of the question the fountain was to begin to play, as if lifting a white hand in affirmation or uttering an acquiescent murmur; a fresh volley of song was to break forth from the unwearied three hundred, and the president of '79 was to kneel before the poet, presenting a crown of roses. But alas for the mutability of mortal events! Minnehaha had scribbled her poem under the leafy shadow of Tupelo, Priscilla hers curled up in the fifth-floor-centre window-seat, and Evangeline hers high among the branches of the great meadow oak. The last red feather was stitched into place, the president of '79 had practised kneeling at the feet of all her friends,—when word arrived from Mr. Fields that Mr. Longfellow had taken cold and would not dare come out. There was a week or so of deep dejection, and then, on the eve of the glorious day, a telegram from Mr. Fields to the effect that the poet was better and would probably arrive at noon. This bombshell message exploded among us at eight o'clock. The tale of the following hours should be written in exclamation points. With what shining eyes Mr. Durant dashed into the reception-room, his clothes all dripping with rain! How messengers were sent flying hither and yon after the rhymsters, musicians, and embryonic artists in general of our small community! How our rheumatic president was bundled up in waterproof and rubbers and wraps innumerable and borne away down the wet hillside, under Mr. Durant's excited umbrella, to help him select the very best spot for the pavilion! How hard it was to persuade Mr. Durant that the Greek, Latin, French and German ditties on which he had set his heart must be abandoned, the limited time giving the most venturesome poetaster courage for nothing save the vernacular! How a few of us were

peremptorily posted off to the fifth floor to "compose," sympathetic friends attending with lamps, sharpened pencils, dictionaries and other enticements for the Muse! How sleepy we were in chemistry lecture the next morning, and what wry faces Mr. Durant made over our feeble little melodies! How the members of the Glee Club were hurried away from breakfast to rehearse those halting strains! How carpenters, students, elevator girls and professors flew to and fro on errands suited to their various abilities! And how, when the midday telegram arrived saying that Mr. Longfellow felt worse again and dared not venture, Mr. Durant was taken with a fit of mischief and solaced his own disappointment by making fun of ours!

If it were possible to infuse into the telling anything of the zest, the spirit, the undaunted ingenuity, the instinct for beauty and grace which Mr. Durant poured into those frustrated preparations, the story would not need the apology which I am disposed to offer for it now. It has overrun due limits, and there is so much more that should be told to give any just impression of the manifold ways in which, outside of study, Mr. Durant brightened and quickened the early Wellesley life. Exquisitely sensitive to beauty of nature, of art, of character, planting the campus with crocuses, reluctant to sacrifice his beloved trees even for the site of a new building, eager to surround his girls with pictures, statuary, to give them a Browning room, plan them out a Tree Day, gladden them with a Flower Sunday, studying even for the most attractive patterns in balustrade carvings and bureau handles, he was not the man to hold to narrow, formal, or purely scholastic ideals for the life of womanhood. His own words, though but notes jotted down to guide him in a Wellesley sermon, best express his vision of the college woman to be.

"The one great, true ideal of higher education which the noblest womanhood demands; viz., *the supreme development and unfolding of every power and faculty;* of the kingly reason—the beautiful imagination—the sensitive emotional nature—the religious aspirations. The ideal of the highest learning in full harmony with the noblest soul, graced by every charm of culture, useful, and beautiful because useful; feminine purity and delicacy and refinement giving their lustre and their power to the most absolute science; woman learned without infidelity, wise without conceit; the crowned queen of the world by right of that knowledge which is power, and that beauty which is truth."

But it was in the third watchword that Mr. Durant would have us find and blend the other two. Here he would have us seek for truth, for life, and find them in their fullness only here. All Wellesley words concerning Mr. Durant come at last to this one word—Christ. So he himself has willed it. Refusing to the college his picture, bust or name, choosing himself to be forgotten, he would have his Master remembered and honored at Wellesley so long as her pillars stand. He had given himself utterly to Christ. We occasionally hear this denied by men who from afar off surveyed their former comrade in his later course, but we, among whom he lived those consecrated years, know whereof we speak. I have never heard a Wellesley student of that early time question the reality of Mr. Durant's religion. There were those among us for whom his language held hard sayings, those who grew but slowly toward the light with which his spirit flashed and flamed, but not one who failed to recognize that his life was a thing devoted,—not his own, but a burning offering to God. It was not a perfect life, but it was a life of perfect aspiration. What of error there may have been—in method, in detail, is fast slipping from human memory, fast ceasing to have any power to harm; but the spirit of the life waxes clearer and brighter as the years go by, and mightier to save. It is the spirit of self-forgetful love, of faith in God, of discipleship to Christ.

With all his mind, with all his will, with all his heart, Mr. Durant—and assuredly not here, nor anywhere, can we think of him apart from the cofounder, who holds an equal place in our reverence and affection—desired that this spirit, this religion should be the central fact of Wellesley. His own voice still pleads for it, still rejoices in it with exceeding joy:

"Gather around it all wisdom and all knowledge. Bring to it the light of all science and all truth. Study over it; pray over it; live in it; love in it; suffer for it.

"It grows brighter and more bright. It draws around it by divine attraction all truth, all love, all joy; all that is great and noble and pure; all the sanctities of the Holiest of Holies; all the sweet charities of home; all suffering and chastening and living; all that is unselfish, and all that is beautiful and fair. It is the bending blue sky over all, the everlasting arms beneath, the victory that swallows up sin and death."

FEAR.

A black, black sea, and blacker still the sky,
Whose dullness e'en the faintly glimmering stars,
All powerless, do but intensify,
As lanterns dim behind the prison bars.
No sound, except the waters dull, soft beat
Against the vessel's side. Above, below,
All darkness, save where sky and water meet
In a gray, wavering streak.

The heart beats slow
With growing dread, as though the everywhere
Upon it pressed. No hope, no light, no sound,
Only a subtle something in the air
Which fills the brain, and holds the senses bound.
Only black loneliness afar and near,
Darkness and dread, and overwhelming fear.

JOSEPHINE P. SIMRALL.

A COMPARISON OF THE REFLECTIVE POETRY OF THE VICTORIAN AGE WITH THE DIDACTIC VERSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The poets of the 18th century have suffered much at the hands of 19th century critics. It is hard to remember that more than a hundred years lie between Pope and Tennyson, and that we cannot expect in the one what we have a right to demand from the other. It is difficult, too, to put ourselves into intelligent sympathy with an age so out of touch with our own. The verse which was elegant and polished to the Kit-Cat Club is monotonous and mechanical when placed beside the exquisite workmanship of Tennyson or Arnold. Modern science laughs at the crude notions of a century ago, while the keener sensibilities of our own day are irritated by a complacent optimism which seems at once shallow and conceited.

And so the modern critic has decreed that the work of the 18th century shall not be dignified by the name of poetry but shall be known as *verse* merely. He is, however, forced to admit that as a stage in the development of English poetry, the period from Dryden to Johnson was significant and productive of much good. The question may also arise whether there is not as absolute a value in the unimaginative and common-sense verse of the 18th century as in the incoherent utterances of those later poets who would make poetry too rare a thing to have any connection with ordinary life.

It is true that the age produced but little of the highest form of poetry, the lyric. Attempts at dramatic literature met with no success until the light comedy of the latter part of the century, and the epic was equally wanting. There remained the didactic verse and it was in this that the Augustan age excelled. Aiming mainly at the inculcation of principles, and quite ignoring the claims of beauty as a legitimate end of poetry, it differs as much as possible from the work of the early 19th century in the poems of Byron, Shelley and Keats. In the Victorians, however, Arnold, Clough, often in Browning and sometimes in Tennyson, we find again a subordination of beauty to thought, and it is this reflective poetry which corresponds most nearly to the didactic verse of the preceding century.

But the didactic poet, emphasizing as he did the purpose of instructing and informing his readers, chose his themes from literature, science, politics or ethics, and wrote on many subjects which modern poets have wisely left to writers of prose. Thus Pope puts into verse an "Essay on Criticism," Thomson introduces between two nature-descriptions a discussion of British Prison Reforms, and Young discourses on "The Utility of Rational Conversation." Such subjects, requiring much common sense, doubtless, but little imagination, we no longer consider adapted to poetic uses.

Yet, if the best work of the two centuries be placed side by side, it will be seen that often they are attempts to answer the same questions. Compare the "Essay on Man," which appeared in 1734, with "In Memoriam," published more than a hundred years later, and see that Pope and Tennyson are attempting a solution of the same problems. "What is man's place in the world? What is the meaning and value of this life? Is it to be completed by a future existence? By what is it governed, chance, or fate, or a god?" And Young and Thomson, Arnold and Clough, take up the same themes, the great facts of life, of death, of eternity.

The two set out by very different roads, yet sometimes arrive at the same goal. Pope begins his second epistle,

> "Presume not God to scan:
> The proper study of mankind is man.
> A being darkly wise and rudely great:
> In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
> Born but to die and reas'ning but to err
> Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
> Whether he thinks too little or too much."

And the wisdom of a century has only enabled Arnold to say,

"We thus address the gods,
'True science if there is,
It stays in your abodes!
Man's measures cannot mete the immeasurable all.'"

It is a recognition in very different spirit of the vanity of man's attempting to solve unaided the problems of destiny.

Somewhat akin to this is the feeling of fatalism which runs strongly through each. The easy submission of one and the bitter revolt of the other make the thought of the two centuries so dissimilar that one almost fails to see that it is fatalism in both.

"Cease then . . . Know thine own point:
Submit, in this or any other sphere
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour,"

is the form of the 18th century thought.

"In vain our pent mills fret,
And would the world subdue.
Limits we do not set
Condition all we do:
Born unto life we are and life must be our mold.'"

is the rebellious protest of Arnold's Empedocles.

Both ages have looked to Nature for comfort and revelation, and, in varying ways, both have found it. The didactic poets take from it an argument. "Surely," they say, "a power that has given to man a dwelling-place so beautiful and so well adapted to his needs, must be wise and beneficent." And among our own poets, Arnold finds peace in its serene beauty, Clough draws courage from its full life, while Tennyson sees a hopeful revelation in its harmony and law. Both ages have a tendency toward Pantheism, the 19th century, perhaps on account of the nature-love which is so marked a feature, the 18th, because it admits a more poetical treatment than other beliefs.

But these questions are the same that have been asked by serious thinkers in every time, these same sources of hope and despair have been open to every age, and that we find such common features in the 18th and 19th

century poetry is no proof that they are animated by a similar aim or spirit. On the contrary, the purpose which inspires and the spirit which pervades the two are so different that at first sight one hardly perceives any resemblance at all.

We may possibly think to detect in both a spirit of inconsistency and wavering. Tennyson in "In Memoriam" turns from Christianity to Agnosticism and back again to Christianity, as Pope in the "Essay on Man" mingles Pantheism with the strictest orthodox belief. But Tennyson with all his apparent wavering is quite consistent with his purpose. He seeks for truth and as each religion and belief fails him, he is compelled to turn to another. When he finally comes back to Christianity, it is because it seems to him to stand the test better than anything else. At the same time, Clough puts this faith of Jesus Christ away from him, all the more firmly that its sweetness and beauty attract him, and allows himself only one regret, in the fear that it may contain some grain of truth which he will thus lose. At the beginning of the century, Coleridge said that while there were many who loved goodness for goodness' sake, beauty for beauty's sake, there were very few who loved truth for truth's sake. But with such men as Clough, Arnold, and Browning before us, we can hardly help thinking that the thought of the age has been growing to a conception of the absolute value, the beauty and unity of truth such as no age before has had. It is Clough who says,

> "It fortifies my soul to know
> That though I perish, Truth is so;
> That howso'er I stray and range,
> Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change."

And these modern seekers for truth set out with a terrible earnestness which allows no pause or faltering, and leads to the extremes of hope or of despair. Truth is to them no subject for idle discussion, to be tossed from hand to hand and thrown aside at will. It is that which, if found, shall make life worth the living, or if withheld, shall leave it meaningless. Rather, it is that which, whether it make life better or worse, must yet be found. There is always this terrible earnestness, and often a feverish intensity, in these modern questionings, whether the questioner come with Tennyson "to find a stronger faith his own," or with Arnold to

"Wish the long, unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claim to bliss and try to bear:
With close-lipped patience for our only friend,—
Sad patience too near neighbor to despair."

Such intensity is the proof of its own sincerity. Though there may be self-consciousness, and sometimes a posing for effect, such thought is too earnest not to be for the most part sincere. There is often the fear, not of deceiving but of being self-deceived, fear lest some beautiful and comforting faith should prove a Duessa to lead further into error, anxiety lest a pleasant lie should be preferred to a dreadful truth. Each would be able to say,

"I take myself to witness
That I have loved no darkness,
Sophisticated no truth,
Nursed no delusion,
Allowed no fear."

But the 18th century had no such lofty conception of truth, and Pope's inconsistency is real. Yet in judging him it is only right to consider the influences of the time. It was an age of scepticism. In business such gigantic swindles as the South Sea Scheme had made men wary. In politics they saw not a conflict of great social forces but a series of personal rivalries in which stratagem, trickery and falsehood were to be expected. In the church many of their most cherished beliefs had just been exploded and proved the grossest of superstitions, and realizing how they had been deluded, they were left with a distrust for all beliefs. Most important of all, the scientific movement had begun its work. It had overthrown the best established theories and shattered the firmest beliefs. It had accomplished the demolition of old faiths,—it had not reached the stage where it would begin to build them up again on a surer foundation. There was, therefore, in religion, science and philosophy, a hesitation to ally one's self strongly to any cause or theory, and a tendency to toy with all without committing one's self to any. This alone can account for the lack of sincerity and earnestness which is so perceptible in 18th century poetry. Pope and Young talk of Life, Death, Truth, God, as if they were merely matters for discussion, suitable subjects for an exhibition of careful logic, brilliant rhetoric and neatness of epigram, but nothing more. They toss creeds

back and forth in their wit-encounters, are Christians, pagans, atheists, in turn. The poetry of the 19th century, too, shows the result of a variety of influences. Modern writers, too, have turned to Paganism, Buddhism, Pantheism, but not with careless curiosity. Rather because they would search every possible repository of truth and because they feel that these beliefs are the answers which, in other countries and times, men like themselves have made to the same questions they are now asking. They are able to sympathize with the religions of past ages as the result of experiences akin to their own, while the 18th century regarded these religions as so many manufactured theories. I think this is not too much to say of an age which commended Homer for the "ingenuity" of his "mythological machinery." Again and again Pope speaks with levity, and even flippancy, of truth which Arnold and Clough approach reverently, of which Clough says,

> "I will not prate of thus and so
> And be profane with yes and no.
> Enough that in our soul and heart,
> Thou, whatso'er thou mayst be, art."

Against profound feeling the didactic poet guarded himself, emotion was suppressed and a well-bred calm cultivated. There is no appeal to the imagination or the emotions, only to the intellect. To the poet the subjects he discusses are quite impersonal, and he intrenches himself behind a barrier of conventionalities and platitudes which permits no hint of personal feeling to escape. This restraint and sanity of the 18th century verse is not to be entirely condemned, nor the straining after emotion which marks so much of the Victorian poetry to be commended. The latter has almost as much to answer for in the shape of incoherent ravings as the former in wearisome commonplaces. But the contrast is striking between this impersonal didactic verse and the introspective poetry of to-day, which lays bare the heart of the writer. The one chills and wearies, the other attracts wonderfully, for it is often a life-record. We feel, "Here is the story of a man like myself. This is the reflection of an experience like my own." A volume like the poems of Tennyson and Clough reveals a whole process of mental and spiritual development, while the 18th century poet gives us nothing of the process, only the results, and those expressed in the most general and

abstract terms. The introspective verse has its dangers as our literature bears witness. It leads to a love for mere psychological dissection, to a withdrawal into self and a separation from active life. It tends, also, to a morbid self-consciousness, a super-sensitiveness, which may unfit for work.

We have spoken of the influence of science in its early stages, to unsettle belief and tend to skepticism. It was in part responsible for the materialism of the age. It led to the demand that laws of mind should be explained according to laws of matter, and finally that things divine should be brought down to the human scale. In the revolt against superstition, men refused to believe at all without a clear and definite proof. The result was that they endeavored to reduce the greatest spiritual truths to a mathematical demonstration. The poets answered the question, "What is man's destiny?" by an ingenious diagram of the "universal plan," in which they unhesitatingly assigned the places of God, of Nature, of Man. God became a barren deity who had little connection with the world-machine he had created. Read the first stanza of "In Memoriam,"

> "Strong Son of God, immortal love,
> Whom we, who have not seen thy face,
> By faith and faith alone embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove."

Compare with it Pope's apostrophes to the "first Almighty Cause," "The great directing Mind," "Eternal Wisdom" or the "Universal Cause," and you will feel the heartlessness of such a pretence of religion. To Pope, the universe is only a carefully constructed dwelling-place for man, well adapted to his wants and capacities for enjoyment. The artificiality of the whole plan and the inconsistency of his arguments may seem highly unscientific, yet it was itself the result of an effort for scientific accuracy. Like our own age they were looking to the natural world for revelation. Tennyson records his struggle and his refusal to accept a belief not in harmony with the laws of nature. It was only when he was able to reconcile the facts of nature with his belief that his faith was sure. But the great modern idea of development, of evolution, which enabled him to see order in disorder, which has changed the whole aspect of the scientific world, and influenced the whole current of modern thought, was unknown a hundred years ago. Science was a collection of facts whose relation to each other was only im-

perfectly known. The great value of science in the popular mind was that its facts *were* facts proved by actual observation, and not mere theories or superstitions. To this scientific idea, men adapted their conceptions of spiritual truth. They demanded demonstration in the place of authority. They collected scattered truths, and though they failed to see any vital connection, it was an effort in the right direction that they tried to fit them together at all. As it was, the result was like a picture-puzzle of blocks which were put together for the pleasure of seeing how well the parts fitted. The modern seekers for truth, influenced by the modern scientific idea of development and unity, of a single law governing all, search not for a series of facts which may be fitted together, but for the truth which is one, which includes all.

In the "universal plan" so carefully worked out by the 18th century moralist, mankind was unhesitatingly assigned its place. To-day the historian sees in man the product of past ages, the result of forces working under certain laws. To the 18th century he was an individual placed by a power above himself in a world over whose forces he had no control. His only duty was submission. There was no idea of sin like that which runs through 19th century thought. Stupidity was the greatest fault and the greatest folly was rebellion against fate. Thoroughly fatalistic, the 18th century moralist reiterates, "To reason right is to submit."

> "We rave, we wrestle with great Nature's plan,
> We thwart the Deity and 'tis decreed
> Who thwart his will shall contradict their own,"

is Young's warning against rebellion. But by rebellion these moralists mean chiefly man's determination to get for himself those earthly goods which the "Great Patron" has not seen fit to bestow on him. There is nothing like the passionate revolt of fatalists of to-day, and instead of the bitter protest of Arnold, we find a great part of the didactic verse taken up with warnings against the folly of "immoderate desire."

> "He knows to live who keeps the middle state."

Avarice, ambition are the subjects of pages of dreary moralizing. Temperance is the great virtue.

"Thus good or bad to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanced mind and snatch the man away.
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had,
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad."

Victorian poetry, too, unable to solve the problem of evil, is strongly imbued with fatalism. Arnold more than any other feels that

"We in some unknown powers employ,
Move on a rigorous line;
Can neither when we will, enjoy,
Nor when we will resign."

and more than any other he takes refuge in Stoical resignation. Yet, in spite of the hopelessness which he often feels, he would say,

"What still of strength is left, employ
This end to help attain.
One common wave of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind again";

and Clough's word is

"I do not know: I will do my duty."

The 18th century poetry is the poetry of passivity, the 19th century poetry, spite of its fatalism, is a call to action.

"Charge once more and then be dumb.
Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!"

The didactic poets, absorbed in their theories, did not see that there was work to be done. When Pope said, "The proper study of mankind is man"; by man he meant Bolingbroke, Congreve, Gay, not the ignorant, wretched poor of London, of whose existence he was barely aware. He wrote for the Belindas and Barons of the court of Queen Anne. He thought occasionally of the misery in the world, and alluded wittily to the poor wretches who "hang that jurymen may dine." Like the others of his time, he moralizes over social evils but it is as a matter quite apart from himself. When Young would describe "the evils that besiege mankind," he does not think of the suffering at his own door but of those "beings" who,

. . . . "deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammered to the galling oar for life."

There is more time spent in sentimentalizing over a lamb which frisks about, ignorant of its approaching fate at the hands of the butcher, than is given to the misery of all the poor of London. It is this selfishness which blinds itself to suffering and stops its ears to the cries of humanity, it is this shallow optimism, which is the great offence of the 18th century poetry and which the 19th century cannot forgive. Compare the ease and glibness with which the one asserts,

> "All, all is right, ordained by God, or done.
> All evils natural are moral goods.
> All discipline, indulgence on the whole.
> None are unhappy: all have cause to smile,
> But such as to themselves have that cause deny,"

with the cry of the other,

> "Oh yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of all,
> That not a worm is cloven in vain;
> That not a moth with vain desire
> Is shriveled in a fruitless fire
> Or but subserves another's gain."

And beside this put that ideal of the 18th century,

> "With aspect mild and elevated eye,
> Behold him seated on a mount serene,
> Above the fogs of sense and passion's storm;
> All the black cares and tumults of this life
> Excite his pity, not impair his peace,
> Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
> A mingled mob, a wandering herd he sees,
> The present all their care, the future his."

Nothing could be more foreign to modern philanthropic ideas than this. For modern philanthropy is the result of a keen realization of the "black cares and tumults of this life," of the sin and misery and ignorance of those who are not "a mingled mob, a wandering herd," but *men*, to be lifted, helped, taught. It is the feeling of human sympathy and of individual responsibility that makes the contrast between the careless indifference of the moralist who looks on life as a spectator, and the earnest purpose of one who "shares the strife," between the barren optimism and conceited self-approval of one and the hopeful pessimism of the other.

Historically, the 18th century was an era of great achievements, but it must be admitted that it was weakest on the side of æsthetics and poetry. The 19th century has been stronger in these directions, yet we cannot compare it with the 18th entirely to the disadvantage of the latter, nor can we say that the 18th century produced no great poets. Still we find the 19th century, on the whole, approaching more nearly to those qualities which we have been accustomed to consider the characteristics of true poetry.

The 18th century poets were surely lacking in the "high seriousness" which Mr. Arnold makes the first requisite for the great poet. They too often want the conviction without which no poet can be really great, that "man and nature and human life" are subjects to be approached lovingly and reverently, not with formality or indifference. The Victorian poetry is more profoundly serious, yet it rarely, if ever, attains the large wholesomeness, and serene benignity which are included in Mr. Arnold's "high seriousness." The introspection, the restlessness, the doubt, prevent a largeness of view and calmness of spirit. This, with the tendency to cultivate intense emotion, results in a certain mistiness and lack of clear vision, and we feel the need of more of the self-restraint and sanity on which Pope laid such stress but which so many 19th century poets have missed.

But the modern poetry reveals much more of that human sympathy which must be the source of true poetic insight. And in sympathy we must expect the didactic poets to fail, since their poetry was not of the heart but "evolved from the wits." It is, indeed, purely intellectual. It has creative fancy and great charm of expression, but it is without that appeal to the emotions through the imagination which we have considered at the root of all poetry. We ask that the poet shall clothe truth in beautiful and concrete forms; that he make it a beautiful objective reality. But this poetry is pure abstraction, and quite devoid of symbolism. Spenser gives us his view of life in an allegory; Milton "justifies the ways of God to man" by a vision of heaven and earth; Browning is led by a vision of the Christ on Christmas eve, but the only effort of Pope to make truth a reality is a dreary personification of the virtues which goes no further than the use of capital letters.

To-day we judge the age of Pope less harshly than did the critics of the early 19th century. We come more and more to agree with Mr. Harrison

that "in the core, the epoch was hearty, manly, humane; full of sense, work and good fellowship." Yet we still find it wanting in the appreciation of the beautiful, and its poets without that claim to greatness which sincerity, earnestness and devotion to truth have given to Tennyson, to Arnold and to Clough.

CAROLINE W. MUDGETT.

ONE OF THE ANGELS.

Once there was an angel walking through a waste and barren country where was no other living thing save gray rocks and a slow gray river. And the angel walked, with white arched wings folded above his head, and eyes cast down, thinking.

And, after a time, the eyes, looking upon the ground, ached with the grayness, and the angel bethought himself to spread his wings and rise above the barren country. And, after the manner of angels, he first knelt down to pray.

Now, as he knelt with the ends of his wings lying white along the ground, there was behind him a precipice whose shadow lay all about the place where he was kneeling. And, in the midst of the prayer, there fell down a rock from that precipice upon the trailing end of one of the wings, and the angel, praying, with eyes closed, knew not of it. But at the end of the prayer when he would have risen, lo! he could not; and looking back he saw the rock, and gave a great cry.

And he spread the wide white wing that was free, and beat the air, and struggled, kneeling on one knee, till his first anger was spent, and he rested, quivering, powerless, desperate, watching the small gray river slip between the smooth gray shores, till the frenzy grew again, and again the angel struggled, and beat the air, shrieking aloud many times.

And days and nights passed, and time was when it rained, and the wings of the angel drooped, drenched, upon his shoulders, and the sky roared and struck fire back and forth, and the angel, with bowed head, saying nothing, shuddered as he knelt.

And time was, when the clouds brake, and the sky was blue, and the

gray river gleamed like steel beneath the sun; and the angel laid his head upon his knee and sobbed, and sobbed.

And time was, when it was eternity; and the angel, kneeling, waited.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

ONE OF THE CHILDREN.

In the twilight a child sat upon the staircase beside the little round window, watching the snow fall.

There was light in the house, and music; and without the snow fell, white, white, flake after flake; and the dusk grew deeper; and the child looked always out of the window at the snow.

The people went up and down the stairs, laughing, and ever they paused at the little round window to stroke the hair of the child as he leaned his cheek on his hand, watching the snowflakes.

And the children playing on the stairs teazed the child, saying, "You cannot play with us, we do not wish it; you are stupid watching always the snow. Why do you sit so still?"

And leaning over the balustrade they shouted to the child's mother, "He will not play with us; make him come and play."

But the child's mother said, "The snow is white and beautiful, it does not harm him, I am glad that he watches it, sitting beside the little round window."

And she went up to the landing and bent over the child and kissed him, and he smiled up into her face.

And the night darkened the dusk, but still the snow fell; and the child pressed his face close against the window-pane, watching it. But he saw where the foot-prints of men made dark spots upon the white ground; and he sighed, being troubled. Then some one below said,

"I am cold, there is such a draught of air here."

And the child hearing, left the window, and going above found a scarf of white wool which he carried down and gave to the one who had spoken.

And when he had come back to the window, more snow had fallen and the dark places were gone; and the child was glad.

So all through the night the snow fell and the child watched; and the people forgot he was there.

But in the morning when the sun shone they came and looked out of the little round window; and behold! every snow-flake was become a glittering star. And they said,

"What a pity it is that the child cannot see it."

For the child had fallen asleep with his head upon the window-sill.

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

"THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF."

THE spectacles of Mrs. Wessles were indeed lost; the family jury, called to consider the non-appearance that had caused so much confusion in the Wessles' mansion, decided that when a pair of spectacles deliberately hides itself away and refuses to be found for three whole days they may justly be called lost. This was none of those ordinary occasions, when the cry of "spectacles lost" is raised, and the family has scarcely had time to begin a systematic investigation before the object of the search is found insolently reposing on top of the owner's head, or in some other equally conspicuous position. This was a bona fide "lost, strayed or stolen" case. The misfortune had to be faced, so, on the evening of the third day, the family sat discussing what was now acknowledged their loss.

"You'll have to get a new pair, mama," said Billy, cheerfully. "Gold ones cost a pile, so we'll have to scrimp to pay for 'em. Guess you'd better not buy me any more shoes and stockins for awhile. I can go barefoot; I'd just as soon."

"Why, Billy Wessles!" gasped Alice. "Mama, will we have to go barefoot?"

The staid Matilda interposed: "Nonsense! Alice, don't be such a little goose; we shall not be so *very* poor, even if we have lost a pair of gold spectacles. And, besides," she continued, thoughtfully, "I think perhaps they may turn up, even now; there are one or two places"——

"No, Matilda." interrupted Mrs. Wessles, firmly, "I am quite sure the specs are gone forever; this is the third day. I have been quite hopeful until this evening, but now I think we shall never see them again; we have

only until to-morrow morning, for you remember I missed them Tuesday, at nine o'clock. It is useless looking any more to-night, so we will go to bed; but I think I shall get up early and go through the north attic before breakfast."

"But, mother!" exclaimed Matilda, "what is the use of looking there? The north attic has not been open since last house-cleaning time."

"I know, I know, child, but there's no telling! The spectacles must be somewhere, and you can't reason about such matters. Now we will go to bed, and, Tilly, you will have to read my chapter for me again to-night."

The house of the Wessles was soon wrapt in slumber.

Mrs. Wessles was not superstitious — she said so herself; she considered superstition very low indeed, and was frequently heard to speak of Roman Catholics (of whose winking Virgins and miraculous relics "Zion's Trumpet" kept her well informed) as "poor superstitious deludlings." But the worthy matron always observed such time-honored customs as throwing a pinch of spilled salt behind her, and keeping a penny in her pocket against the appearance of the new moon, which she always took care to look at over her right shoulder. "There is no harm in it," she was wont to declare, "and it may do some good. You might as well be on the safe side."

Now, on this night of the third day after the loss of the spectacles, Mrs. Wessles had a dream, and, though she was not superstitious, the dream was so very vivid, and at the same time so remarkable, that it made a deep impression on her mind. She thought that she received a letter, which contained only the words, "You will find your spectacles at 316 South Eleventh Street. A Friend."

Mrs. Wessles woke with a start. the words "316 South Eleventh Street" on her lips. Her first feeling was one of relief. "How glad I shall be to get my glasses back," she thought, and then came the remembrance that 'twas only a dream after all. She realized that the prosaic search must be again begun, and that no such easy way of discovering the lost was for her, —and yet, why should she not accept the friendly directions given in so mysterious a manner? Perhaps she needed but faith to get back her missing property.

Thus undecidedly musing, Mrs. Wessles began her search in the north attic. She pulled about the boxes and bags mechanically, and then stood gazing upon the floor, her mind busily occupied with the mental struggle.

At the sound of the breakfast bell she came down stairs, dressed for the street. Matilda looked up, surprised. "Are you going out?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wessles, adding mendaciously, "to look at spectacles." After a hurried meal she started down town.

"So she has given up finding them," said Matilda, with satisfaction. "I am glad; now we can get the house to rights again," and her energetic hands began to bring order out of chaos.

Meanwhile Mrs. Wessles pursued her way towards 316 South Eleventh street. Her spirits rose as she jolted along in the horse-car. "How surprised they will be to see me come walking in with my spectacles, and to hear my dream and all! I must go see Aunt Wessles to-morrow and tell her all about it, she will be so interested."

Her pleasant reverie was broken by the sudden stopping of the car.

"Seventh," shouted the conductor, and Mrs. Wessles stepped on the pavement and turned south. "Three hundred and sixteen," she said aloud to keep her courage up, and started down the street, diligently reading numbers. At each step her confidence diminished; the courage oozed from the tips of her toes, and when

"316. Dry Goods Emporium. 316."

suddenly rose from the maze of signs on the opposite side of the street, she immediately turned her eyes away from the dingy white letters and hurried tremblingly past. By the time she had reached the crossing she was disgusted with her weakness. "Amanda Wessles," she said, severely, "ain't you ashamed of yourself? Turn right round and go in that store; you've no call to be ashamed of asking for your own specs out of any store! The idea! Coming all this way, and then afraid to ask a simple question!" and, her weak spirit being goaded to action by this vigorous exhortation, she quickly retraced her steps and, crossing the street, entered the dry goods emporium which bore the fatal number.

The door slammed behind her, and Mrs. Wessles found herself in an old-fashioned little haberdashery. A fat Jewess, with pendant ear-rings, came waddling out of an inner room, and inquired in unctious tones, "What does the lady wish to-day?" Alas for Mrs. Wessles' resolution! Her courage failed once more. Vainly endeavoring to conceal the darns in her gloves

from the keen glances of the Jewish dame, she meekly asked for a paper of shoe buttons.

The Jewess handed her the little parcel. "Is there anything else?" she inquired. "N-not to-day," murmured poor distracted Mrs. Wessles, but as her hand touched the door-knob a momentary boldness came to her. She turned desperately, and, in a would-be careless tone, asked, "By the way, you haven't seen a pair of gold spectacles layin' round anywhere, have you?"

"Specs?" replied the proprietress of the emporium. "No, I hain't seen none. Lost a pair?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wessles, faintly, and shut herself out in the street, away from those black eyes that seemed to look contemptuously through her thin veil of dignity.

She walked up the street and hailed a passing car. The black darkness of disappointment had settled down over all the bright May day. At the sharp ring of the conductor's bell the car gave a sudden jolt forward, and she breathed low in bitterest self-abasement, "Amanda Wessles, you're a fool."

Mrs. Wessles thought bitterly of the fat Jewess; she felt that she could never forgive the woman for having witnessed the foolish behavior of the respectable Mrs. Wessles. She was quite sure that the Jewess knew all about her. "She looked right through me with her impudent black eyes; I know she thinks I'm some poor idiot body. She's sharp as a trap, for all her fat looks—just's likely's not she's cheated me on those buttons. She didn't look overly honest. Why, maybe she had my specs all the time, and just let on about being surprised! Of course that was it—they was layin' in that dress pocket of hers all the time. I saw it stickin' out kind o' long-ish shaped, like a specs case! I'll just go right back and make her give them up." Mrs. Wessles half rose, and then sank back upon the seat. She now sat up very straight. Her bonnet wore quite a martial air, her chin being held so very high, and the darns in her gloves no longer disturbed her dignity. She grasped her little bag firmly.

"I shall come down this afternoon, or," weakening, "send Matilda, and we shall see whether I'm to be scared out of my rights by a pair of bold black eyes; and if she won't give my specs up for me and Matilda, we'll see what a policeman can do."

As the car neared her door she looked out and saw Billy and Alice playing about on the steps. Tears came into her eyes. "To think," she murmured, "that Jew woman would rob a lone widow and her poor fatherless children!"

She stepped from the car, and the children ran towards her with confused greetings: "Oh, mama, they're found, they're found! "Tillie"—"on Shakespeare"—"awful sorry,"—the jumble conveyed no meaning to Mrs. Wessles. "What do you mean, children? What is found?" she asked, ascending the steps.

The door flew open and there was Matilda, exclaiming, "O, mother! I hope you have not bought a new pair! I found the old ones on Shakespeare. Billy put them there and forgot all about it—see, here they are," and she held out a pair of gold spectacles.

"Found a pair of specs on the old bust of Shakespeare? How curious! But they can't be mine, child," said Mrs. Wessles.

"Why not?" cried Matilda, astonished. "Billy put them there and I found them, redding up. Aren't you glad?"

"But mine," gasped Mrs. Wessles, "are at three hundred"—she checked herself and took the spectacles from her daughter's hand. "Thank you, Matilda," she said. "I must go up-stairs and take off my bonnet."

Matilda looked after her, wondering. Suddenly she called, "You didn't buy a new pair, did you, mother?"

"No," answered Mrs. Wessles, faintly, "I didn't see any to suit."

ELINOR F. RUDDLE.

A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION.

NO young and inexperienced author of the present day can complain of lack of direction in the mechanical part of his work. Our papers abound in articles headed "Suggestions for Young Authors," "Hints for Young Writers," etc., which give most careful and minute directions as to the proper size of a manuscript and the most approved method of fastening its leaves together. The novice is warned never to write on both sides of his sheets, and on no account to roll his manuscript, but always send it either flat or simply folded. Some of these articles even offer to initiate

the beginner into some of the more secret mysteries of literary success,—for this is, after all, acknowledged to be not wholly, though so largely, dependent on the appearance of a manuscript, but to be sometimes influenced by its literary style and substance. The kind and successful sages who, in these articles, offer the aid of their experience to their struggling younger brothers and sisters, usually raise their voices in warning against "overuse of adjectives," and recommend the choice, so far as possible, of "simple Anglo-Saxon words." They further advise that the beginner's theme be, on the one hand, chosen from his own experiences or observations, and, on the other hand, be selected with an eye to the prevailing fashion of literary taste among the reading—or buying—public. He who conscientiously follows all these directions will, they assure us, especially if he has, like themselves, a small modicum of literary talent and business ability, make a financial success of his literary ventures.

This is, no doubt, a very encouraging view of the situation, and we confess, moreover, that it is very modest in our illustrious advisers to attribute their success so largely to their careful attention to mechanical details. If the secret of success be so simple as this, how very kind of them to reveal it to all their would-be successors!

But alas! when we boldly put their advice to the test of our own experience, we are apt to conclude that this rule, like many we have toiled over in our grammars, is proved chiefly by exceptions. It is not strange, then, that some of us have grown wary of advice, and are not disposed to depart from the beaten track of alternate efforts and failure, to try any alleged short-cuts to literary success. Still, entire independence is not the noblest attitude of mind, and despair sometimes makes us willing to swallow the most bitter pills of advice. My sister Anne once offered me a suggestion that I thought well worth trying. I think it has the merit of being comparatively novel, and hence if any despondent fellow-author cares to test its value, I grant him free and cordial permission.

Sister Anne, I should explain, has been my audience, critic, and patron since my earliest attempts at literary creation. It was Sister Anne who listened with breathless dread and delight while I whispered in the dark my first awful tales of ghosts and robbers. When I was seized with the desire to commit my thrilling productions to paper, it was Sister Anne who hunted

up musty, half-used old ledgers in the garret, and sharpened my pencils with unflagging patience and infinite pains. It was Sister Anne, too, who first suggested that I should try to gain the ear of the public. She assured me that my stories were much superior to the majority of tales published in Harper's or Scribner's, and though I realized that her opinion might not be an altogether impartial one, I could not believe it to be utterly unfounded. After my first manuscript was rejected by Harper's, however, I think I should have given up the attempt to force myself into the ranks of magazine writers, if Sister Anne had not comforted and encouraged me by recalling the similar fate of the first attempts of many authors now famous. Indeed, after each of the failures that followed in such rapid succession, Sister Anne always cheered me and revived my hope and ambition by referring my unsuccess to external or trivial causes. She would soon prevail upon me to try again, with due attention to the avoidance of such mistakes as had previously thwarted my attempts and obscured the real worth of my wares. Still manuscript after manuscript failed to secure publication,—except, indeed, when my pride permitted, in the columns of our little local paper. At Sister Anne's suggestion, I followed all the most approved rules for the preparation of manuscript for the press; or again, in the notes that entrusted my productions to the tender mercies of the editor, I abstained from any reference to the fact that these were early efforts, but had won the approval and admiration of my family and friends. I sent manuscripts with stamps for their return, if "unavailable"; I sent them without any stamps to protect them from the editor's waste-basket. Still they failed to obtain the recognition that I firmly believed they deserved. Sometimes they were sent back without a word of comment; sometimes my shame over their rejection was at once lessened and aggravated by a patronizing note which assured me that the editor had discovered some signs of literary ability, though obscured by a "certain crudity," and that he hoped I would work on patiently, etc., etc. Sometimes,—and this was the worst of all—the manuscript would bring back with it a *printed* slip that read somewhat as follows: "The rejection of an article by this magazine is no reflection upon its intrinsic merit, but simply signifies that it is not available for our columns. It might be highly acceptable, however, to some magazine of different scope."

After many expedients and repeated failures, Sister Anne at last made one novel and startling suggestion that dispelled my despair and inspired me with new energy and hope. We had had a long and serious discussion as to what the secret of my failure could be. My manuscripts were clearly and neatly written, my style at least simple and clear, and, if Anne might be believed, at times brilliant; my ideas, she assured me, were wholly original, and very entertaining.

"I believe," she said, at last, with an air of deep conviction, "that the sole reason you can't enter the first ranks in authorship is simply and solely that you aren't there yet. Do you see?"

I shook my head and confessed that I had quite failed to grasp her meaning.

"Why, you see, it is this way," she continued. "These editors don't select for publication the stories they personally enjoy. Not at all! They just publish what they're sure their readers will approve. Now there are plenty of authors that people like already, and the public just clamors for more stories from these. The editors know their readers will be satisfied with anything that these authors write, and so they naturally just supply what is demanded. Stories by new authors only get in, if at all, by the merest accident. Now no such happy accident has fallen to your lot, and really the only way I see for you to do—unless you are willing to sit with folded hands waiting for a stroke of luck—is for you to assume a place among the authors already popular."

"But how, pray?" I inquired, quite perplexed.

"This way: you write to the editor of some good magazine,—not the very best, you know, but some paper of wide circulation and fairly high standing. You offer him a story, letting him understand that it is a great favor, inasmuch as there is growing up now such a demand for your tales. You show him such favor out of gratitude for the valuable advice by which he helped you to lay the foundations of your success, in the days of your early struggles, and for the same reason you will let him have this for only $25, though you could ill afford now to let the editorial world know that you asked such a low price of him. See?"

I fairly stood aghast at the audacity of the scheme.

"But, Anne," I objected, "he'd know that he never helped me and that I'm not a popular writer, just as soon as he saw my name."

"O, no!" she cried, "He's helped lots of young authors by his advice and never thought of them again. As for the other point, you just remark in your note that you have decided at last to abandon the use of your pseudonyms, and hence you will allow your real name to be appended to the article in his columns, first of all. You know you never have had anything published, even in our paper, over your real name, so that will be quite true, and flatter him delicately into the bargain. Of course you understand that this is only a rough sketch of the scheme. I leave it to your inventive talent to work it out in perfection."

"Anne, you're a genius!" I exclaimed. "But I can't quite make up my mind to attempt such a stupendous amount of fibbing."

"You needn't fib at all, my dear. Your stories *are* in demand. Don't the people at the church expect you to entertain them at every social? Don't all the societies in town come to you for every article they want written, whatever the subject may be? And when, pray, did our town paper ever refuse a word you offered it? As for your present feelings of gratitude, of course you will select a magazine which once gave you some valuable advice in the column of Hints for Young Writers. I'm sure you ought to be grateful for having been told how to make a manuscript attractive to the editorial eye. As for the price, if you don't sell your stories any more frequently than you have succeeded in doing as yet, you certainly cannot afford to ask any less than $25 for each. Now are all your scruples satisfied?"

"Ye-es,—except that it's all one great hoax," I replied, with half a sigh.

"Exactly," was her prompt and cheerful rejoinder. "That's just the way to look at it—as a huge joke. If it should fail, then nobody's the worse for it. If it succeeds, your success for all the future is assured; the public have a new writer to go wild over, and the editor will enjoy the joke as much as anybody when, at some future day, you reveal the secret of your success."

I confess that the more I pondered over the proposed strategem, the more favorably it impressed me. I was not long in deciding to give it a trial, and accordingly for the next few days I devoted most of my time to the careful composition of the note on which so much was to depend. I labored over every word and phrase with far more minute care than had ever been expended on any of my longest tales. When Sister Anne and I were at last

agreed that it was sufficiently easy and off-hand, and at the same time as dignified and self-assured as was necessary, I selected the best of my unpublished stories and sent it off to the chosen magazine, and awaited the result in even greater hope and dread than on similar occasions in the past.

* * * * * * * *

This, then, was my Sister Anne's brilliant suggestion. As I said at the beginning, any other young writer who would like to avail himself of it is most heartily welcome to do so.

C. A. M.

LINES SUGGESTED BY ANGIE PECK'S UNFINISHED MESSAGE TO HER CLASS.

The light is fading from my weary eyes;
The busy hum of life is faintly heard:
Up from my heart great loving thoughts arise,
But lips can only speak this little word:
"Tell all the girls."

Oh, what is life, — what has it been to me,
In the brief years that I could call my own,
A wondrous gift, — a joy supreme, to be,
To work, to love, to know and to be known.

The little height I've climbed in life's ascent
Has filled my heart with rapture at the view,
The fields are white; we must not rest content;
God calls for help; dear girls, He calls for you.

With strength of heart I longed for strength of hand,
That to His pastures I might lead the way,
"To work and mould," and by each other stand,
In faith and hope to see the "fuller day."

Now darkened waters touch my weary feet,
My Father's loving arm supporting me
I have no fears; a sense of trust most sweet
Fills all my soul; dear Lord, I rest in Thee!
"Tell all the girls."

Editorial.

WITH the persistency of a phœnix the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE arises from the ashes of former publications. For the third time in five years the creature spreads its wings for flight, a longer, and, since we believe in progress, let us hope, a better flight. Speaking of flight, and the flight of birds, there is a thoughtless and cruel pastime prevalent among a certain class of small boy, in which a string is attached to the leg of a bird, and when the creature has begun to fly and to rejoice in its supposed freedom, the string is jerked and the bird is brought to the ground.

The question stands: Is the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE to be harrassed by a string with a small girl at the other end of it?

It depends upon the attitude taken at the outset by our Wellesley world both within and without the college walls. There is such a thing as guidance; there is such a thing as training a bird to come when you call. We are willing to be guided; we are ready to respond to a call if the atmospheric conditions are favorable.

If our graduates tell us that they rarely, if ever, read the literary work in the Wellesley paper, we must conclude either that the graduates are lacking in college patriotism, or that the literary work done by the college is too poor to be read; and concerning the truth of either conclusion much might be said which would be both interesting and instructive.

That all college literary attempts are youthful is inevitable, but the graduate herself is removed not many decades from youth and should not be over-critical.

That Wellesley has done and can do good literary work is true, and that she ought to do good literary work is truer, when we consider the number of courses in literature which she offers, and the number of students who elect those courses.

Through the medium of a magazine the world beyond our walls may watch the growth of our college mind. We, within, ought not to be interested in an article merely because we happen to know the girl who wrote it; we ought to care for the article for its own sake. Moreover, ours is not the only college world; there is a whole system of these little worlds, and

they are watching each other with keen-eyed interest, criticising, praising, blaming, as the case may be. We exchange magazines with these other colleges, and we must remember that it is not the item which says that Miss A. of ——— spent last Sunday at the college which interests them, but the literature which the paper contains. Do not suppose that we would wish to abolish the column of news; far be it from us even to hint at such a misfortune; but if we are not interested in our own college productions it argues that in subscribing to our paper our friends, here and elsewhere, are actuated, not by an interest in the intellectual growth of the college, but simply by a friendly concern in the welfare of certain individuals who are, or have been, connected with the college.

It is not necessary that we soar very high in order to become a budget of college news. For that purpose we need but the energy and aerial development of a sandpiper. But if we are to be literary we must be allowed to live up to our highest ideal of what the word means for us.

Our Wellesley world has always been ready to respond to and care for the efforts of its fellow-students. And as you have heretofore read and cared for the *Courant* and the *Prelude*, we ask you this year to read and try to care for the MAGAZINE, and not to feel that because we would be literary we would therefore neglect the everyday sociability and the thoughts of "auld lang syne."

We are young, but youth has its ideals, and we ask you this year to read your MAGAZINE, that you may discover whether or no it is reaching up towards an ideal; to write for your magazine that you may yourselves be a help, not a hindrance in its upward flight.

AFTER a summer's rest, Wellesley is preparing to agitate the cap and gown question with renewed vigor,— not that any lack of energy was shown last spring. It may, however, be a saving of time, before rushing full tilt into battle, to review the ground fought over last year and see whether any points had been gained when we stopped talking in June. The chief arguments on both sides ran somewhat as follows. The opponents of the cap and gown declared it an imitation of masculine dress, an unnecessary expense, a costume unsuitable and in the way during much of

our cold weather, a relic of the dark ages, an excuse for untidiness. They backed up their position by references to certain American colleges, where the effect of the gown is anything but pleasing, and by appeals to Oxford itself, where the students detest the whole custom. And they drew the conclusion that Wellesley girls either do not want the dress at all or want it simply through ignorance of its inconveniences.

The advocate, on the other hand, pretended a lofty indifference to the force of these arguments. They said that the gown has nothing essentially masculine about its graceful folds and flowing draperies; the accident of its having been borrowed from a masculine university is due chiefly to the circumstance that no woman's college existed at the time of its institution. As to its being unsuitable in cold weather, even its most ardent admirers do not advise its being worn at a risk to health. There is plenty of weather at Wellesley none too cold and none to warm for it; while, for that matter, what is the objection in cold weather to its being worn over one's ordinary wraps? The matter of expense is somewhat serious, but would probably be more than met by the saving in the wear and tear, and by the greater plainness of the dress underneath. As to the danger of untidiness, although the gown is ample, it does not cover so much of the dress but that the latter's condition of neatness or the reverse is plainly perceptible. Besides, it is not to be supposed that we will be untidy simply because we have the opportunity. If it is a relic of bygone times, it is a very charming relic, like a hanging of old tapestry, or a piece of mediæval carving. Even if liveries — servants' liveries — be antagonistic to the spirit of the new century, the scholars' garb should still pass unchallenged. So far as the effect of the cap and gown at certain other colleges is concerned, Wellesley may or may not adopt the particular custom that gives rise to complaint. Neither is any dissatisfaction that may be felt among the Oxford students an argument against the use of the cap and gown at Wellesley. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that inartistic youths at their most athletic age — we will not add, and possessed of uneasy consciences — should prefer what freedom and comfort can be obtained from the ordinary masculine dress, untrammeled by scholarly folds. But Wellesley girls, who delight in sweeping trains, will surely find the Oxford arguments inapplicable to their case.

So runs the controversy. After all, the whole discussion centres about the question, "Do we really want the cap and gown?" If we know what we want, and are quite sure that we want it, let us say so distinctly. If we do not want it, let us give our reasons firmly. In any case, there can be no object in delaying longer the decision of this, to us, important matter. Whenever the majority of the students at Wellesley calmly unite upon an opinion, that opinion will, we are convinced, carry great weight with the powers that be. In addition to the very free discussion that we trust will follow in the pages of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, would it not be well to arrange for a general census of the opinion of the whole college?

FREE discussion is the very instrument of progress. Free discussion is the right and the necessity of advancing civilization. We Wellesley people form only a little world, but we are none the less earnestly striving toward perfection. It is, then, of the greatest importance that we talk over freely whatever concerns us either in our relation to the college, or in our connection with and interest in the world at large. Truth is many-sided, and before we can apprehend it in its entirety, we must know all its sides. Many members of the college, among both faculty and students, feel that this factor in our education has been somewhat neglected in times past. To meet any such difficulty, the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE now opens its department of the Free Press. The department will live up to its name. It offers opportunity for full expression of opinion upon all matters, local or otherwise. In the name of progress, and for the sake of the members of the college separately and the welfare of the college as a whole, it is most earnestly hoped that full advantage will be taken of this opportunity.

THE business managers of the magazine are anxious to bring before the members of the college a matter which is of importance to all who have the interest of our Wellesley publications at heart. There is a serious charge brought against us as a college. Business firms in Boston say that we have no honor in the matter of patronizing the advertisers in our publications.

It is easy to see that the financial success, not only of this year's publication, but of all future ones, is impossible unless this impression is removed. We feel sure that the charge is not entirely just; but do we not stand convicted of serious thoughtlessness in the matter?

The advertisements have been obtained this year by the business managers personally, and they have taken the greatest pains to have represented only standard and thoroughly reliable firms. Since this is so, we hope that the readers of the magazine, especially those unacquainted with Boston, will use the advertising pages as a business directory. The attempt has been made to make them convenient for such use, by representing, through the different firms, every kind of article which a Wellesley girl could or would desire.

Book Reviews.

THE LITTLE MINISTER. By J. M. Barrie.

David Grieve, *Tess*, and *The Little Minister* are the three books of the year which have perhaps occupied the reading public more than any others. Popular prejudice, and the reputation of the authoress of *Robert Elsmere*, might give first place to the moral tale by Mrs. Ward. Love of sensation, fondness for forbidden fruit, and susceptibility to real power incline a greater number to place what is sometimes called the immoral story of Mr. Hardy at the head. What traits in the reader would lead one to name *The Little Minister* as the most worthy? The story is played on one string. Its style is simplicity itself—a simplicity with a touch, perhaps of affectation, and with now and then a suggestion of strain, but with a wholesome ring which goes far to compensate for an occasional lapse from excellence. The Scotch setting is happy, and the dialect not utterly unintelligible. The gypsy heroine is less fascinating than impossible, and the author sometimes fails to make his reader sympathize with the little minister's infatuation for her. We like to have him in love, but we do not entirely like him to choose a woman whose charm does not reach us also. Her alternation between the roving gypsy and the grand lady is particularly displeasing, and its explanation rather jarring and inadequate. The little minister himself, after struggling with our indifference for half a volume, rises to challenge our admiration. His insignificance, his vanity, his simple notions, form a foil in which his nobility

and heroism gain lustre, and his apparent weakness and indecision drop away in time for him to stand out bravely against his world, andto win it to his side. He does not decide, with David Grieve, that the world and its conventions must be his master. He does not decide with Tess that the world and its conventions must be his enemy. By him social usages are neither worshiped nor over-ridden. His own standard of right, formed under the influence of society, but balanced by personal conviction, satisfies him. Through his courage and earnestness, not by argument from, or abuse of, law, he gains the day. He may be unaccountably weak when he allows Babbie to pass as his wife into a place of safety from justice; he may be unmistakably petty when he commands her not to refer to his height; he may be a trifle ludicrous when he prematurely chants his own funeral hymns; but neither his weakness, his pettiness, nor his absurdity prevent him from being steadily self-reliant, sternly self-denying, constantly generous, and even noble. The little minister does not moralize so much as David; he is not so hard pressed as Tess. But his life is pure and high, and in all relations he shows himself strong and true. In spite of his virtues he lives, as David does not; in spite of his trials he conquers, as Tess does not. The book has a ring of reality and a ring of optimism. The artificial idealist may love David, and the pessimistic realist cling to Tess, but for the sane and living citizen, who believes the truly great man possesses the ability to modify, rather than the disposition to overthrow the customs of society, and who loves life and action rather than argument and discussion, *The Little Minister* is not only the truest and simplest, but essentially the strongest picture of life in 1892.

Agnes Sinclair Holbrook.

Pratt Portraits. By Anna Fuller.

The tendency of the American writers of fiction to give expression to their art in the form of the short story is particularly noticeable in the publications of the summer. In the warm days, when the spell of idleness is upon us, the choice bits of literature offered us in many of these stories satisfy our taste, and are often better appreciated than the longer novel.

The reader who delights in a story for the story's sake alone, and the student who reads American literature as a reflection of our national life and character, must find much to please the fancy and invite the attention in the great variety and excellence of many of these literary fragments

which have come from the press during the last few months. If one wishes pictures of New England life, which possess in an equal degree the qualities of charm and reality, Miss Wilkins' study of village characters lies before us. The sunny South appeals to us from the pages of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris and Mr. Richard Malcolm Johnson; and, again, Mr. Hammond Garland turns our thoughts to the breezy plains of the great West.

Among the many books, which are composed of these local studies, there has recently appeared one which is quite unique in its origin and design. This is the little volume of "Pratt Portraits," by Anna Fuller, which is attracting much attention. The "Portraits" are sketches of the various members of an actual family, for it is generally understood that the Pratt family, under another name, really lived in a New England town, some thirty or forty years ago.

The time in which the scenes of the book are laid gives an unusual setting. It has not the well-known flavor of life a hundred years ago, but is placed in that middle period of the century, about which less has been written, when railroads were new, and telegraphs and telephones things of the future.

In a most attractive style the life of this remarkable family is revealed to us. The whole family system centres about the figure of "Old Lady Pratt," and her character is the thread of unity throughout the book. The stories are detached. The interest of one does not depend upon another; but in them all there is at least a suggestion of this famous woman. We seem to see that alert, erect figure, who "sat so straight in her chair, thanking Heaven that she had a back of her own, that she never gave that impression of feebleness, which makes old age so irresistible in its appeal to the kind-hearted." It is a little figure, but "the respect in which she was held among her acquaintances was negatively indicated by the fact that nobody ever thought of calling her little, though her height was in reality a little short of five feet."

With the old lady lived her deaf daughter, Betsy, who on account of her infirmity was very dependent upon her mother, and although of mature age is still called a child, and at forty is "put into caps." This poor Betsy is portrayed with mingled pathos and humor. The first story, "Aunt Betsy's Photographs," is one of the best of the sketches, and has a peculiar charm in its style.

Betsy, "upon whom rested the stigma of the unsought," was a great trial to the proud old lady, for she was so unlike her other smart, capable children. "'Betsy, you're a fool!' when pronounced by Old Lady Pratt, never failed to penetrate the muffled hearing like a gunshot, and Betsy used to wish within herself that her mother would put it a little differently."

Throughout the later years of the old woman's life her high spirits and indomitable will never forsake her, and she states her philosophy of living in these words, "I can tell you something that's a long sight better than sacrifice, and that's a good wholesome bit of self. We wa'n't made to lie down for other folks to walk over. What's the good of a backbone, I should like to know, if not so's we can stand up straight and make the most of the chances the Lord gives us!"

The scene at the close of her life, when "she sat in her stuffed chair, with her faithful daughter beside her," and, holding one of Betsy's hands, "sang, in a high, broken treble, to the old tune of 'Greenville,' a familiar lullaby, as 'the child's' grey head nodded gently" is one of the most touching pictures in the book.

The great charm of these stories lies in their reality. We feel that all these things must have happened, and are almost inclined to believe that some one told them to us when we were children, so true are they to actual life. Mrs. Fuller does not give us the minute portraiture of Miss Wilkins' style, but she has sketched the outlines of her characters in a clever manner. She has an unusual faculty for bringing a scene before us in a few vivid words, and draws native peculiarities with great skill. The stern New England conscience, the repressed emotions, and the hard common sense of this family are well portrayed; but the author's delicious sense of humor and powerful use of pathos touch each life and act of the strong men and women, the natural girls and boys of the Pratt family.

"A Yankee Quixote," "A New England Conscience," "Old Lady Pratt," and "Well Matched" are particularly good. "A Domestic Crisis" seems the only unnatural one of the series. The subtle charm of these delightful stories cannot be adequately conveyed by any quotations. They are quite distinct from their companions of the summer, and leave upon our minds a decided impression of freshness and originality.

GRACE ELDRIDGE MIX.

Alumnae Notes.

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Western Wellesley Association was held at Hotel Wellington, Chicago, on Monday, September 5, 1892. A business meeting was called at twelve, and a dainty lunch was served at two o'clock. The toasts were as follows, the president, Miss May Fisk, acting as toast mistress: Chrysanthemum, Mrs. Minnie Emery Picket, sp. '84-'85; Edelweiss, Miss May Estelle Cook, '88; Fleur-de-lis, Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89; Rose, Miss Marion A. Ely, '88; Thistle, Miss Isabelle Stone, '89; Shamrock, Mrs. Alice

Hinchcliffe Lay, quondam '89-'92; Clover, Miss Dora B. Emerson, '92. An additional pleasure was afforded by a short, impromptu address by Miss Poole, one of Wellesley's missionary daughters in Japan. After the toasts the Wellesley Annals were read by Miss Dora Bay Emerson, aud music was furnished by Miss Stella Riordan and Mrs. Mary Zimmerman Fiske. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89; 1st Vice-President, Miss Dora B. Emerson, '92; 2d Vice-President, Miss Stella Riordan, sp. '85-'86; Recording Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Josephine Redfield, '91; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Helen B. Hill, '92; Annalist, Miss Elizabeth White, '93.

Miss Elizabeth Braley and Miss Kate Clark, both of '86, together with the former's sister, Miss Anna Braley, Wellesley, '81-'82, spent the summer vacation in a tour through England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Miss Marion Lyford, '88, has resigned her position as preceptress at the Union Baptist Seminary, So. Martin, N. B., and will spend the year at her home in Bangor, Maine.

Miss Josephine Redfield, '91, has accepted a position for the coming year at the Steran School, Chicago.

Mrs. Henrietta Middlekauff Gates is now living in Oberlin, Ohio, Professor Gates having been called from Union Seminary, New York, to Oberlin Theological Seminary.

Miss Susan L. Cushman, '91, is teaching at "Hillside," a college preparatory school for girls in Norwalk, Conn.

Miss Caroline S. Maddocks, '92, has taken the position of matron of the woman's dormitory at Chicago University, where she will also continue her studies.

Miss Sarah P. Williams, '92, is studying at the Normal College in Albany, N. Y.

Miss Alice W. Dransfield, '92, is teaching in a boys' preparatory school in Belmont, California.

Miss Helen M. Cook, '92, is teaching in a boys' preparatory school in North Wales, Penn.

Miss Grace Darling is teaching Science at Bellewood Seminary, Anchorage, Ky.

Miss Mary Holmes, '92, is teaching in Flushing, L. I.

Miss Bessie Greenman, '92, is teaching in St. Louis.

Miss Dora Emerson, '92, is keeping house at home in Rockford, Ill., during the absence of her mother and sister, who are spending the winter abroad.

Miss Alice Emerson, '92, is teaching literature at the St. Johnsbury Academy, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Miss Mary Blauvelt, B. A., '89, M. A., '92, is teaching History and Greek in Elmira College, Elmira, N. Y.

Miss Helen Merrow, '86, is studying Cryptogamic Botany under Professor Seymour of Harvard.

Miss Blanche Clay, '92, is teaching in the High School at Lebanon, N. H.

Miss Helen Bruce, '92 is studying medicine in New York.

Miss Clara Buck, '92, is teaching in a private school at Troy Hill, N. J.

Miss Martha Goddard, '92, is teaching in the Worcester High School.

Miss Charlotte Hand, '92, is at home in Scranton, Penn.

Miss Mary Hawley, '92, is teaching in the High School at her home in Manchester, N. H.

Miss Louise Pope, '92, is at home in Cleveland, O.

Miss Edna Spalding, '92, is teaching at St. Mary's School in Dallas, Texas.

Miss Netta Stockwell, '92, is at home in Cleveland, O.

Miss Lucy Dow, '92, is teaching in Groton, Mass.

Miss Eva Warfield, '92, is preparing private pupils for college at her home in Brockton, Mass.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, is teaching ancient languages at the Kentucky Military Institute.

Miss Florence Wing, '92, will spend the winter in visiting in New York and Chicago.

Miss Alma Beale, '91, is teaching the sciences in the State Normal School at New Britain, Conn.

Miss Mary Wright, '92, is teaching in the Alnida Preparatory School in Pittsburg.

Miss Jessie Reid, '84, is at the head of the educational branch of the publishing department of Macmillan & Co.

Miss Emma Squires, '91, is studying in the Normal School at her home in Cortland, N. Y.

The engagement of Miss Mabel Wing, '84, to Mr. Henry Castle of the Sandwich Islands is announced,

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Carpenter, '88-'90, to Mr. Willard of Chicago.

Miss Jane McArthur, '92, will spend the winter in traveling.

Miss Emma McAlarney, '92, will be at home in Harrisburg, Penn., through the winter.

Miss Gertrude Spalding is spending the winter at her home in Syracuse, and helping her sister in kindergarten work.

Maud Mason, '91, is to be at the Boston College Settlement this winter.

Lilian Barnes, '91, and Louise Hannum, '91, are studying at Cornell University.

Juliette Wall, '91, Genevieve Stuart, '91, Belle Morgan, '92, are settled together in Paris, where they are studying French and History of Art.

Charlotte Sibley, '91, is a graduate student in Greek and English literature at Yale University.

Charlotte Roberts, '80, who has been for some years at the head of the Chemistry Department, Wellesley, is perfecting her specialty at Yale University.

Bertha Palmer, '91, and Alice Stevens, '91, have apartments together at 222 West 23d street, New York.

Fellows in Chicago University, Elizabeth Wallace, '86, History; Maud Wilkinson, '89, English.

Fellows in University of Pennsylvania, Emily R. Gregory, '85, Hygiene and Economics; Sarah Louise Magone, '89, English; Kent R. Dunlap, '90, English.

Carol Dresser, '90, is to be at the Boston College Settlement this winter.

ADDITIONAL NEW POSITIONS ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Annie M. Adams, sp., '89-'91, Oxford Seminary, Oxford, O.

Edith Bancroft, B. A., '92, Stetson High School, Randolph, Mass.

Clara M. Burt, B. S., '92, Northfield Seminary, East Northfield, Mass.

Mariana W. Blood, B. A., '91, Northfield Seminary, East Northfield, Mass.

Mabel M. Ballou, sp., '91-'92, Pennell Institute, Gray, Maine.

S. Lilian Burlingame, B. A., '85, Central Baptist College, Conway, Arkansas.

Eva J. Beede, sp., '80-'81, Lady Principal, Troy Conference Seminary, Poultney, Vt.

Lillian M. Crawford, B. A., '92, High School, Upton, Mass.

Henrietta M. Cattell, B. A., '92, The Irving, Watertown, N. Y.

Frances Ford Cottle, sp., '82-'84., Mrs. Potter's Home School, Everett, Mass.

Helena M. Corey, B. A., '92, High School, Spencer, Mass.

Mariana Cogswell, B. A., '90, High School, Concord, N. H.

Mabel Curtis, '90, High School, Dedham, Mass.

Adelaide Denis, B. A., '87, Hosmer Hall, St. Louis, Mo.

Florence Dean, B. A., '91, tutor in the family of Mrs. C. D. Talcott, Talcottville, Conn.

Alice F. Day, B. A., '88, High School, Springfield, Mass.

Theodora W. Dudley, B. A., '91, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Elizabeth C. Eddelman, B. S., '91, Franklin College, graduate student, Wellesley College, '90-'91, Peddie Institute, Hightstown, New Jersey.

Mary R. Eastman, B. S., '92, The Misses Anable's School, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Clara E. Emerson, B. A., '91, Tillotson Academy, Trinidad, Col.

Mabel C. Hawes, B. A., '90, High School, Burlington, Vt.

Elizabeth G. Hoyt, B. A., '91, High School, Providence, R. I.

Charlotte E. Halsey, B. A., '90, Bloomfield, N. J.

Amelia A. Hall, B. A., '85, Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.

Anna M. Hamilton, B. A., '90, High School, No. Weymouth, Mass.

Evangeline Hathaway, B. A., '90, Principal Somerset High School, Somerset, Mass.

Grace Jackson, B. A., '91, Principal Mendon High School, Mendon, Mass.

Helen M. Kitchell, B. S., '82, High School, Evanston, Ill.

Frances C. Lance, B. S., '92, High School, Marlboro, Mass.

M. Lillie Leslie, '83-'85, Principal Central Square Grammar School, Woburn, Mass.

Geraldine B. Longley, B. S., '92, High School, Worcester, Mass.

Blanche Leavitt, '88-'90, High School, Portland, Conn.

Martha G. McCaulley, Mrs. Underhill's School, Lowell, Mass.

Henrietta M. Merick, B. A., '95, High School, Sidney, N. Y.

Ethelwyn F. Moffatt, B. S., '92, Frederick Female College, Frederick, Md.

Clara B. Mowry, B. S., '89, Riverside School, Auburndale, Mass.

Mary G. Osborn, B. A., '92, High School, Lee, Mass.
Lucy A. Rowell, High School, Clinton, N. Y.
Sara M. Roberts, B. S., '91, Mr. Brewer's School, Fairfield, Conn.
Mabel D. Smith, sp., '90-'92, Cheshire, Mass.
Mabel Sykes, B. S., '91, Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.
Theresa B. Stanton, B. A., '92, Miss Williams' School, Worcester, Mass.
Agnes M. Shaw, B. A., '92, North Granville Seminary, No. Granville, N. Y.
Alice A. Stevens, B. A., '91, 43 W. 47th St., New York, N. Y.
Louise G. Saxton, B. S., '91, High School, Washington, D. C.
Mary A. Tucker, B. A., '88, St. Martin's, N. B.
Mary S. Wright, B. S., '92, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Married.

MACNEILL — DURFEE. Sept. 15, Alice E. Durfee to Neil Macneill. At home after Oct. 20, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

ARRINGTON — SMALLEY. In Salem, Mass., Sept 21, Susan E. Smalley, '88-'92, to Rev. Wm. F. Arrington. At home, Newport, R. I.

BROWN — TOOF. In Memphis, Tenn., June 25, Ruth B. Toof, '90-'91, to Battle M. Brown.

ANNIS — GILL. In Wilbraham, Mass., Aug. 18, Kittie Eleanor Gill, student at Wellesley, '89-'91, to Prof. Burleigh Annis.

CATHCART — SMITH. In Westerly, R. I., Sept. 1, Mrs. Harriet Hall Smith, student at Wellesley, '81-'83, to Mr. Samuel Cathcart.

MATHER — NEVINS. In Easthampton, Mass., June 30, Mabel E. Nevins, '87, to Wm. I. Mather. At home after Sept. 8, Easthampton.

CURTIS — CLOUGH. In Kalamazoo, Mich., Aug. 31, Ongola Clough, '92, to Rev. Arthur H. Curtis. At home after Dec. 1, Ongole, India.

BILLINGS — VAIL. In Woodstock, Vt., July 12, Bessie H. Vail, '87-'89, to Franklin Billings. At home after Oct. 1, The Lennox, 35th St. and 5th Ave., N. Y.

ADAMS — SHELDON. In West Newton, Mass., Sept. 28, Louise Sheldon, Sp., '88-'92, to Thomas M. Adams. At home after Nov. 1, Ashland, Ky.

GARSIDE — SMITH. In Brewster, N. Y., June 2, Charlotte Genivra Smith, '90-'91, to John R. Garside.

Born.

In Conoor, India, July 15, a daughter, Gladys, to Mrs. Nellora Clough Martin, '90.

In Pittsfield, Mass., Aug. 14, a son, to Mrs. Minnie Prentice Goodwin, '89.

In Zurich, Switzerland, Aug. 11, a daughter, to Mrs. Alice Leonard Gaule, '81.

In Madison, N. J., July 16, a daughter, Lelia Yeaman, to Mrs. Virginia Yeaman Remnitz, Wellesley, '83-'86.

In Philadelphia, Oct. 2, a son, Charles H., 2d, to Mr. and Mrs. Warner J. Banes.

In Newton Centre, June 25, a daughter, Louise, to Mrs. Susan Maine Silver, '86.

College Notes.

College opened Thursday, September 8, with seven hundred and twenty students enrolled, the Freshman class numbering two hundred and twenty.

Waban is now the home of nine members of the Junior class, and Miss Maltby is its presiding genius.

Miss Stratton is spending her Sabbatical year in Europe, and Miss Burrell fills her place as head of Stone Hall.

Mrs. Nash of Delaware, Ohio, is matron of Wood in place of Mrs. Hurd, resigned.

Coming events cast their shadows before, — the mail is no longer sorted in the General Office. Let us hope that this is really the "shadow" of the much needed post-office to be established in the future.

The quarantine proclamation has affected Wellesley as well as the rest of the world. Miss Denio was delayed thereby for nearly two weeks, and Fraulein Wenckebach, Fraulein Elspeth Müller and Fraulein Habermeyer were detained for a still longer period.

The Senior privilege of registering absences has been extended. Formerly, when absence from college involved absence from class appointments, the student was obliged to ask permission to leave. By the change the whole responsibility rests upon the student alone.

The firm of Jameson and Knowles, shoe dealers, offer a prize to the student who will write the best advertisement to fill the space which they have engaged on the page next to the reading matter in the Magazine. For full particulars consult the Business Managers.

On the first Saturday evening of the college year a general reception was given in College Hall by the members of the Christian Association. Each guest wore a card on which was written her name, address and college rank. In this way the Freshmen were enabled to make many new acquaintances, and introductions were rendered more valuable.

Dr. Ryder of Andover preached on Flower Sunday from the text for the day, "God is love."

On Saturday evening, September 17, Dr. George Pentecost, who has recently returned from the Orient, lectured on India.

A general gathering of the college took place in the gymnasium, Monday evening, September 19, for the purpose of singing college songs. A number of '92 Legendas were sold, and enthusiasm for the college and her songs ran high.

$15,000 has been bequeathed to the college by the late Mr. David Prouty of Spencer, Mass.

The attention of all is called to the advertisement of the Legenda on page 54 of this magazine. No student should be without a copy of the '92 Legenda, which is the only collection of our college songs that has ever been published.

About $1,350 has been raised for the boat-house fund. At a mass meeting of the students, held September 24, a committee was appointed with full power to complete the necessary arrangements, and in all probability the boat house will be built this Fall. The house proposed will contain a float for private boats, a ground floor for crew boats, and a large reception hall above for general use. When it is fully understood that the boat house is a thing of the near future, to be enjoyed by all and by the Freshman class throughout its entire course, there is no doubt that the amount still needed will soon be raised.

The first dance of the season was given in the gymnasium, Monday evening, September 26, by Miss Dennis, Miss Grennell, Miss Keith, Miss Jones, Miss Sims, Miss Lincoln, Miss Mitchell, Miss Lucas, Miss Reid, Miss Simrall and Miss White, of the Senior class.

On Monday evening, September 26, the Sophomore class entertained the Freshmen. An autograph party took the place of the usual formal reception.

On the same evening the First Year Specials were entertained by the older members of the organization.

The usual exercises in memory of Mr. Durant were held in the chapel October 3. Miss Hall, '79, now principal of Northfield Seminary, spoke of Mr. Durant's purpose in founding Wellesley.

During Miss Stratton's absence Miss Sherwood is acting professor of rhetoric. Mr. Baker of Harvard has been chosen to the department as instructor of the Junior classes, while Miss Wilson, formerly of the literature department, and Miss Wilcox, who has recently been engaged in journalistic work, teach the Sophomore divisions. Miss Weaver, formerly a student at Cambridge, England, Mr. Carpenter of Harvard, and Miss Hart of the Harvard Annex are in charge of the Freshman classes in English. The usual course in rhetoric for the Senior year has been given up, and Miss Sherwood offers in its place three elective courses: a "daily theme" course, a course in connection with courses in literature and philosophy, and a course in which four long papers are required on general subjects. In these last two courses, private consultations with the instructor take the place of class-room appointments. Miss Weaver is in charge of the "daily theme" course.

New courses have been opened in several of the departments. In literature two seminary courses are offered: a study of Wordsworth and Browning, and a study of Shakespeare's contemporaries and successors. In history two graduate semester courses — History of Political Institutions, First Semester, and History of Constitutional Law, Second Semester. In German, also, several new courses are offered.

The English Literature Department now has on sale the following syllabi: "Outline Studies in the Early Drama," prepared by Miss Bates (.25); "Outline Studies in English Prose to 1830, prepared by Miss Sherwood (.25); "Outline Studies in the History of English Literature," prepared by Misses Jewett and Wilson (.50). Applications should be made to Miss Nelly F. Wilson, Wellesley College.

It is a pleasure to inform Wellesley Alumnæ, and all interested readers, that the work of the Freshman year has been substantially lightened. The eighteen periods required of students in the scientific course and the seventeen periods required of those in the classical course when the present Senior class entered college, have been gradually reduced, until this year thirteen periods are required in each course. One language instead of two is now required of scientific students, and the classicals have three instead of four appointments per week in Latin and Greek.

Several changes have been made in the work of the other classes. A year of science may be substituted for Mathematics II. by students in the scientific course. The Juniors are free to choose two of the following subjects: physics, philosophy and History of European Civilization, all of which were formerly required for a

degree. It has been noticed that the course in history has been chosen by the Juniors *en masse*.

The course in domestic science has been withdrawn from the curriculum. Miss Talbot, the former instructor, has been engaged by the Chicago University.

Society Notes.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Agora, held September 24, the following new members were received into the society: Miss Mary Young, '93; Miss Bisbee, Miss Lillian Jones, Miss Weed, Miss May Young and Miss Fowler, '95; Miss Slater and Miss Julia Burgess, '94.

At a social meeting of the Art Society, held September 10, the following new members were welcomed into the society: Miss Louise Brown and Miss Lylie Foster of '93; Miss Alma Hippen, Miss Effie Macmillan, Miss Helen Macmillan of '94; Miss May Merrill of '95; Miss Marian Day, Special, and Miss Grace Jones, Musical Special.

At the initiation exercises of O. E., held in Society Hall, September 24, the following new members were received into the society: Miss Lilian Brandt, Miss Abbie Paige and Miss Gertrude Carter of '95, and Miss Sue Huntington, Special.

On Saturday evening, September 24, the Shakespeare Society held its regular program meeting, and formally received the following new members into the society: Miss Capps, Miss Constance Emerson, Miss Grace Miller and Miss Wells of '95, and Miss Shuttleworth of the Special Organization.

The program of the meeting was as follows:

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Miss Hardee
II. Shakespeare's Influence on Modern Drama . . . Miss White
III. Talk: A comparison of the literary life of a Shakespearian playwright with that of one in modern times . . Miss Anderson
IV. Dramatic Representation.
"Romeo and Juliet." Act II., Scenes V. and VI.
Romeo . . . . . Miss Randolph.
Juliet . . . . . Miss Bartholomew.
Nurse . . . . . Miss Crapo.
Friar Lawrence . . . . . Miss Pope.
V. Shakespeare as a Factor in Modern Thought . . . Miss Reid
VI. Talk: The Modern Stage Interpreters of Shakespeare . Miss Feeny

VII. Dramatic Representation.

"Anthony and Cleopatra." Act II., Scene V. Act III., Scene III.

Cleopatra	Miss Campbell.
Messenger	Miss Newman.
Charmian	Miss Lincoln.

On Saturday evening, September 17, ZA held its regular initiation exercises and received the following new members into the society: Miss Winifred Augsbury, Miss Adah Hasbrook, Miss Alethea Ledyard, Miss Florence Forbes, Miss Elizabeth Peale and Miss Clara Willis of '95; Miss Agnes Cook of '96, and Miss Grace Webber, Musical.

College Bulletin.

October 21, Columbian Day. Concert in the gymnasium by the famous Smith family. Further particulars will be posted.

Saturday evening, October 22, Prohibition Rally in the gymnasium.

Saturday afternoon, October 29, regular meeting of the Boston Wellesley Club, in the College Chapel.

Saturday evening, October 29, Democratic Rally in the gymnasium.

Sat. Nov. 5, 7.30 P.M. Hon. George M. Dewey of Michigan on "History of Protection in the U.S. from Republican standpoint."

Sunday, October 30, preaching in the chapel by ~~President William DeWitt Hyde of Bowdoin College.~~ Bishop Warren of Colorado - Guineas.

Sunday, November 6, preaching in the Chapel by President William F. Warren of Boston University. Pres. of Bowdoin.

Monday evening, November 7, Republican Rally in the gymnasium.

Tuesday, November 8, Election Day. Voting in the Chapel by the Australian Ballot system.

Saturday evening, November 12, concert by the Tuskegee (Ala.) Jubilee Singers.

Sunday, November 13, preaching in the Chapel by Dr. Charles Robinson of New York.

Monday evening, November 14, concert.

Sunday, November 20, preaching in the Chapel by Dr. A. E. Denning of Boston.

Sunday, November 27, preaching in the Chapel by President E. B. Andrews of Brown.

Three Entertainments for the benefit of the Munroe Fund. Oct. 31, Reading by Mr. A. P. Burbank. Nov. 21, Recital by Miss Geraldine Morgan, violinist, assisted by other artists. Jan. 9, Reading by George W. Cable. Tickets for course $1.00. Single tickets 50 cents.

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4.00 P. M.	(daily)	10.00 P. M.
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